THE SECOND EDITION.

AN

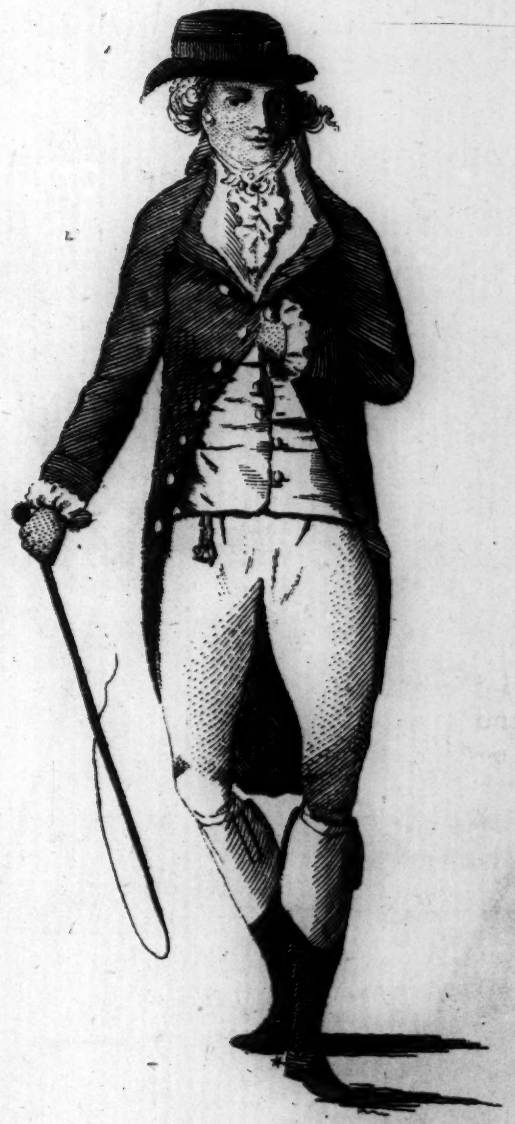
AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE

OF THE CELEBRATED

MISS FANNY DAVIES.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

Miſs Fanny Davies,
in her Usual Dreſs.



Miſs Fanny Davies,
in Disguise.

Publ.d as the Act Directs by R. Jameson, 227 Strand March 29 1786.

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AN

AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE

OF

THE MOST REMARKABLE ADVENTURES,

AND

CURIOUS INTRIGUES,

Exhibited in the LIFE

OF

MISS FANNY DAVIES,

The celebrated MODERN AMAZON,

Who received Sentence of DEATH at the laſt Chelmsford Aſſizes, by Mr. JUSTICE ASHURST, for ſtealing above 1250l. in MONEY and NOTES, from Mr. WRIGGLESWORTH, a Country Grazier.

Embelliſhed with

A beautiful FRONTISPIECE,

Repreſenting the FAIR-ONE, both in her native Charms, and maſculine Dreſs.

Interſperſed with

Intereſting moral Reflections, and entertaining ANECDOTES,

DELINEATING HER

AMOROUS PARLEYS with her KIND KEEPERS in HIGH-LIFE.

——— Thoſe Male,
Theſe Feminine. For Spirits, when they pleaſe,
Can either Sex aſſume, or both.———
——— And in what Shape they pleaſe,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their airy Purpoſes,
And Works of Love or Enmity fulfil.

MILTON.

THE SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for the EDITOR, and Sold by R JAMESON,
No. 227, *Strand*, near *Temple-Bar*.

THE

HISTORY

OF

MISS FANNY DAVIES.

CHAPTER I.

Introduction.—Fanny's birth.—Breeding.—She is ſent to Bridewell.—Kept by Juſtice R—l.—His Worſhip's covetouſneſs.—Fanny withdraws from his miſerable manſion.—Goes to Ranelagh with her mother.—A young noble Lord beholds her charms, ſolicits her company at his country ſeat, and requeſts his ſteward to lay a plan to obtain his ardent wiſhes.

BOTH the natural and the moral world, are happily contraſted, not only deſigned to beſtow the greater variety, but likewiſe the purer pleaſure. The beauties of ſpring ſeem never ſo delightful, as when compared to the

 blighting

blighting blaſts of winter. Were ſummer or autumn perpetual, as feigned of the golden age, the glory of the one, and the ripeneſs or the other, would be leſs eſteemed.

However hard it is to trace the origin of evil, it is evident that it was introduced to diſplay the greateſt good. Without vice, virtue would be a ſacred ſomething, but ill underſtood, and little revered—by mortals.

On a review of the hiſtorian's page, we preſently diſcover a blazon of blemiſhes, as well as beauties, in the characters recorded. The poet's pen, and the painter's pencil, have alſo moſt aptly been employed in delineating the ſtriking contraſts, agreeable to nature and obſervation. They dwell upon the frightful features of vice, to give a luſtre to the comely countenance of virtue; they pouttay the path that leads down to deſtruction, that the traveller may recede from his purſuit, and point to the precipice, that he may beware in time.

At preſent we attempt to draw a picture of the human heart, in its depraved ſtate, and diſplay vice in its utmoſt deformity. The character of our piece is a young woman—and who is ſo capable of evil, as one of the ſofter ſex, when completely vitiated. It is ſaid that the ſweeteſt wine makes the ſoureſt vinegar. A virtuous woman is certainly the glory of the creation, the beſt boon beſtowed by Heaven on man; a ſource of hope to her humble ſuitor, and a crown of happineſs to her huſband; but when a fair one becomes vicious, and gives a

loose

loose to the violence of her passions, she is but too apt to imitate with success, that malignant, infernal fiend, who, by his wiley ways, seduced our general mother to touch the forbidden fruit——

—— Whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.

Frances Davies, the celebrated heroine of our history, was born in Southwark, a borough not the best regulated, though the biggest in Britain. Her father died when she was young, and her mother, who had once been in an eligible line of life, was obliged to take the tour of America soon after. Fanny would have been left to the wide world when six years old, had not a distant relation taken her up, and adopting her into the family, gave her a tolerable education, and put her apprentice to a black millener, in the same borough.

Fanny, in the earliest stages of life, was initiated into the vulgar mysteries, by constantly attending the pawn-brokers office, and the gin-shop. In this way she acquired much art and cunning, and was even at ten years of age, able to outwit both Mr. *Cent per Cent.* and the *Balderdasher*, at the instance of her employer. Let parents in the lower walks of life, from this be duly admonished, and never suffer their children to learn that, of which they themselves are ashamed; for in so doing, they not only shew a bad example, but oblige them to run before them in the road to ruin.

So early in life did our heroine aſſimilate herſelf to the manners of the young wantons, with which the Borough abounds, and with them frequently paraded the ſtreets at night, and grew acquainted with the little boys who ply at the corners of ſtreets, and lodge in the dirty alleys of infamy. This part, however, ſhe acted with ſo much addreſs, that ſhe was not even ſuſpected for ſome time; but on the contrary, always appeared with a peculiar modeſty and reſerve, which were much favoured by the caſt of her countenance, and her ſimple, but neat attire.

But one evening ſhe was found by Baileys, the ſtreet officer, in company with ſeveral abandoned boys, who being well-known pick-pockets, were ſecured, and, with Fanny, conducted to the New Bridewell, in St. George's Fields. In this ſad ſituation, ſhe was under the diſagreeable neceſſity of ſending for her new miſtreſs, the millener, who reſcued her from captivity, and diſcovered the general complexion of her character.

She informed her miſtreſs, but in a meaſure, the cauſe of her misfortune, and aſſured her, that when ſhe was firſt carried before a certain magiſtrate, ſhe beheld a celebrated vulgar preacher, eſteemed a holy man by almoſt every body, actually playing at cards with his worſhip.—This atheiſt deacon, for he never was in prieſt's orders, has ſince diſgraced his calling; ſo that the maſk having been forced from the face of this hypocrite, we are ſaved the trouble of removing it.

On

On her return from prison, she was again taken before the above justice; her mistress attending on the occasion, received a most ardent rebuke from the curate, who had again been dipping into the history of the four kings, and met the menaces of his worship, to be executed in case she did not take more care of her apprentice. These threats and admonitions, came but with an ill grace from those gentlemen.

Fanny, before she was fourteen, was a very forward girl in stature, strength, and beauty, and began to attract the notice of young fellows bigger than boys. She still retained a modest deportment. To have looked on her fair face, rosy cheeks, coral lips, black eyes, ivory neck, slender waist, delicate arms, and beautiful hair, which hung down in luxurient tresses, yet decorated with decency, one would not have taken her for any thing less than a master-piece of nature; or a being not much lower than an angel. Her voice was sweet and melodious, but her words were few, and cautiously uttered in company. In a word, Fanny was the fairest of her sex in Southwark; but all was false and hollow. Thus situated, and endowed with every charm that could allure the beholder, was our fair heroine, when her mother returned from the Western world, after having suffered a long exile from her native land, to satisfy the sentence of the merciless stern law. The old gentlewoman, not readily finding honest employment, and but little inclined to live frugally, entered into partnership with a notorious thief-taker, and lived with him as his wife.

By

By this time the fame of Fanny had reached the ears of a certain libidinous old gentleman, and a juſtice of the peace, moſt famous for parſimony. Overtures were made to the mother, through the medium of the runner. An agreement was made. Fanny eloped from her miſtreſs, and lived with that ſon of *Gripus*, of whom the world has recently heard much. Although his worſhip was a perſon worth near 100,000l. yet he almoſt ſtarved himſelf and the fair one. He fared but little better than the pooreſt peaſant in the country; he denied himſelf the common neceſſaries of ſubſiſtance. His domeſtic animals died with hungar, and even the rats were obliged to run from under his inhoſpitable roof.

During a very hard winter, however, his worſhip's table was conſiderably enlarged; but the proviſion with which it was chiefly repleniſhed, was fraudulently taken from the pariſh poor. This hopeful magiſtrate pretended to commiſerate the diſtreſs of Fanny's mother. He ſent for her to his houſe, and informed her that bread, coals, potatoes, and fiſh, were to be diſtributed to little houſe-keepers, or any perſon who could obtain tickets for that purpoſe, from any reſpectable character. He then propoſed to give her ſuch an order from time to time, providing ſhe would promiſe to bring the ſeveral articles above ſpecified to him, in order that he himſelf, and her fair amiable daughter, might have a moiety of the donation. The old gentlewoman readily acquieſced in his deſire, and ſo not only fared well her-

ſelf,

ſelf, but prolonged the ſtay of Fanny with a fellow who had not taſted a good meal for many days, except at an election, a pariſh feaſt, or a quarter ſeſſions.

The ſevere weather was ſoon gone, and an unaccountable parſimony again prevailing, our heroine withdrew from the miſerable caitive, without receiving his worſhip's bounty. The mother tried to recover damages, but *Gripus*, though the moſt impotent wretch in the commiſſion for the county, proved too ſtrong an adverſary on the occaſion, for law or juſtice.

Fanny, now happily, as ſhe thought, relieved from ſuch confinement, began to give a greater ſcope to her love of pleaſure, by viſiting with her mother, the ſeveral places of public entertainment.

At Ranelagh the following ſummer, a young nobleman, of a large eſtate, beheld her charms with the moſt ardent emotion. His lordſhip ſoon introduced himſelf into her dear company, treated her, led her round the circle, walked with her about the gardens, and propoſed to take her home to his country ſeat.

Fanny's modeſty on the occaſion, was remarkable, and even amazing. She talked ſteadfaſtly of *honourable terms*, and ſolemnly proteſted that his lordſhip, with all the arts peculiar to his ſex, and within the line of his elevated ſtation, ſhould never prevail upon her conſtant mind; nor, in the moſt diſtant degree, induce her to ſwerve from the rigid rules of virtue.

His lordſhip, much chagrined in his mind, endeavoured to maintain his civil deportment, and reſolved to perſevere in purſuing a conqueſt, which the more would redound to his ſatisfaction, by its difficulty of being obtained. He opened his mind to his young ſteward, who attended him, and who promiſed his utmoſt aſſiſtance.

Accordingly this pimping paraſite watched the motion of Fanny, as ſhe withdrew from the rotunda with her mother, and would have followed them all the way to Southwark, had not my lord's coachman ſtopped him ſhort at Chelſea, and informed him that he was well acquainted with the old lady, and her fair daughter.

This fellow, named John Mathews, had been a priſoner in the King's Bench, for ſmuggling. On his emancipation, he reſided in Mint-ſtreet, and became the preſident of a club, compoſed of characters the moſt heterogeneous that can be imagined. He was an odd character, but his maſter durſt not part with him, for fear of certain diſcoveries. He often withdrew from his occupation, and was never completely joyous, but when mingling with the bawds of the Borough, or at the club which was held monthly, at the ſign of the *Juſtice*, a notified low pot-houſe in the above ſtreet.—All this he told the ſteward, and added, that Fanny was a member of the ſociety, in which he had the honour to be chairman; and that he had ſo great an aſcendency over her mother, that he could force her to grant him any favour whatever.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The club of Mint-ſtreet deſcribed.—Lord ——, and his ſteward diſguiſed, carry away Fanny to a hotel in Covent Garden, and next to the country.—Fanny dreſſes in men's apparel, and rides out a hunting with her lord.—She hears that her lover is under ſentence of death—procures him his pardon.—A ſerious reflection.

THE pandar communicated his intelligence to the youthful lord, whoſe boſom burned with the keeneſt deſire to obtain the fair Fanny to his arms.—It was reſolved that his lordſhip ſhould attend the next club in diſguiſe, the better to effect his deſign. The day was at no great diſtance, yet his lordſhip thought it an age.

Mean while Fanny's firſt lover, a boy in the Borough, whom ſhe firſt met in Bridewell, having left off his filching, and taken to the predatory line, was committed to the New Gaol. Of this my lord was informed by Mathews, the coachman, which ſomewhat aſſwaged his lordſhip's deep diſtreſs, as he had now little to dread from ſo *formidable* a rival. Our heroine, however, frequently paid the young fellow a viſit in priſon, to ſooth him amidſt his miſery. We forbear to mention the name of this unfortunate fellow, as his father lives in reputation, and is deſervedly deemed an honeſt man. Through the kindneſs of Fanny, and other friends, he lived well in priſon; in-

deed but few of thoſe ſons of injuſtice, who have been ſuch for a long ſeaſon, are ſuffered to ſubſiſt merely upon the pitiable allowance of one penny-worth of bread in twenty-four hours, as thoſe are obliged to do, who, perhaps, for ſome little offence, for the firſt time, have been entered into the volume of a trading juſtice of the peace, and conſigned to the care of a calous keeper.

The club night came.—The preſident, at the fiat of his noble maſter, prepared an uncommon entertainment for the company. Hams, buttocks of beef, fowls, and plenty of wine, formed the plentiful repaſt.—Exactly at eight o'clock the preſident mounted, and the various members were ſeated in order.

Homer, in his Iliad, has preſented a very copious catalogue of the Grecian ſhips. Virgil has imitated the ancient bard, by enumerating his heroes. Milton has followed their examples, by introducing the infernal dæmons. But it is not our deſign in this genuine narrative, to give way to levity, elſe the ludicrous groupe, preſented in this motly monthly meeting, would eaſily ſupply materials for the purpoſe.

Suffice it to ſay, the number was forty-five, beſides ſtrangers, gathered from the infamous dark lanes and alleys of Southwark, St. Giles's, Saltpetre Bank, Petticoat Lane, with the refuſe of the markets. In this collection appeared ſwindlers, pimps, pick-pockets, bullies, houſe-breakers, bauds, whores, and every other ſpecies of foes to order, and friends of riot, which the

the prolific Borough, and the other places, could produce.

Supper was ſet on the table. The chairman ſaid a ſhort grace. The eager company fell on with quick diſpatch, and with ravenous appetites devoured all the viands, before the arrival of the young lord and his truſty ſteward, who were clad in the ruſtic garbs of country ſwains.

The preſident having given previous notice of the coming of two ſtrangers, they were received with a tumult of applauſe. The muſic immediately ſtruck up, the table was withdrawn, and the dancing commenced.

The chairman, whoſe word was law, and whoſe decree was ever revered, pointed fair Fanny to the young lord, as a proper partner. She conſidered him as a plebeian ſon of the road, and readily gave him her hand. They danced amid the pleaſed multitude, and then withdrew to a room adjacent. There his lordſhip well improved his time, and gained Fanny's conſent to take a coach. The ſteward followed, and they ſet off from the Borough, making the beſt of their way to a famed hotel in Covent Garden, where my lord and the fair one, ſpent the reſt of the evening in mirth and wantonneſs.

The next morning his lordſhip aroſe before Fanny, retired from the chamber, and returned in a rich dreſs. She quickly recognized his perſon, and feigned an air of modeſty, which ſhe could but ill ſupport. His lordſhip preſſed her to attend him to his country manſion, and by the addreſs of the ſteward, who now appeared

in a genteel habit, ſhe conſented.—Mathews alſo appeared, mounted the box, and drove them down to the country above an hundred miles.

There a pleaſant park preſented itſelf to our fair one. His lordſhip led her to the myrtle grove, and aſſured her that ſhe was miſtreſs of the place, and all the delightful landſcape.

So ſaid he, and forbore not glance, or toy,
Of amorous intent; well underſtood
Of *Eve*, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
Her hand he ſeiz'd; and to a ſhady bank,
Thick over head with verdant roof imbowr'd,
He led her nothing loth: flowers were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's diſport
Took largely; of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolice of their ſin: till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them, weary'd with their am'rous play.

MILTON.

Fanny reſided with his lordſhip all the ſummer, and frequently made little excurſions into the neighbouring counties. Indeed, my lord was under a kind of neceſſity to look round about him for company, ſuitable to his new character, for none of the nobility and gentry, at leaſt the female part of them, would go under his roof. The character of our heroine was ſoon blazoned abroad, and ſhe could not even ride out on a party of pleaſure, without meeting

meeting the derision and contempt of even the lowest ladies of those parts.

It was this general scorn, that induced Fanny to change her dress, and make her appearance in a masculine attire. She wore buckskin breeches, with all the habit suitable to a fox-hunter; and learning to ride a spirited mare, could, without dread or hesitation, leap over a gate or a hedge.

During this period, she received advice from the metropolis, that her predatory lover was under sentence of death at Kingston.—On this occasion she pressed her paramour to procure a pardon for the young fellow. His lordship, who still loved her to distraction, and could deny nothing that she requested, used his utmost interest in favour of the offender, and was successful enough to save his life, on condition of serving seven years on the River Thames, for the improvement of its navigation.

His lordship was so immoderately fond of Fanny, that he could not refrain from discovering the violence of his passion, in places of public resort. Many of his friends dreaded the consequence, and his relations began to imagine that they were actually joined in the hymenial covenant; but an affair, which had like to have proved of the most serious consequence to his lordship and his family, soon turned the current of his affection from his fair Fanny for ever, to run in a different channel.

And why, O noble youth, wilt thou thus stain an illustrious line of ancestry, by descending

ſcending to the bought embraces of an artful young harlot? This moment ſhe is meditating thy ruin, and thou, lulled in her lap, like Sampſon in the lap of *Delilah*, art totally inſenſible of her deadly deſign. Arouſe! be no longer one of the ſilly-ſimple ſons of ſinful pleaſures, but act the part of a man endowed with reaſon.

" My ſon, attend unto my wiſdom,* and
" bow thine ear to my underſtanding.—For
" the lips of a ſtrange woman, drop as the
" honey-comb, and her mouth is ſmoother
" than oil. But her end is bitter as worm-
" wood, ſharp as a two edged ſword.—She has
" caſt down many wounded; yea, many ſtrong
" men have been ſlain by her. Her houſe is
" the way to hell, going down to the chambers
" of death."

* Solomon.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Serious reflections on the insensibility of offenders.—Two thieves admitted into the house by Miss Fanny.—They are detected.—The coachman's confession.—He is sent for a soldier to the Savoy, with the thieves.—Fanny is discarded—returns to London.—His lordship, forsaking his folly, marries a virtuous lady.—Fanny fails, in the Savoy, in her design of releasing her lover.

WHEN we observe the flaming sword of justice waved over the wall, we say, this is the city's sure defence. It is the dread of the stern law, that deters the dark and dangerous villain from executing his dreadful design by day, and obliges him to defer his base purpose, till the curtains of the night are drawn around the peaceable dwellings of those whom he has devoted to destruction.

Has he never seen the deep deeds of darkness, discovered to the blaze of day? Knows he not, that ONE, *to whom the darkness and the day are alike*, with the keenest eye, beholds all his operations, and is privy to all his plots?—Has he not seen his fellows in iniquity detected in the very act, when they thought no mortal was aware, and no GOD nigh?—Has not this assassin himself, more than once, been taken in his craftiness, and confounded suddenly, in a moment, at midnight, when he supposed all

were

were aſleep?—Yes, even this man, who was detected with plunder in his hand, dragged to a dungeon, brought to the bar, declared guilty, and condemned to die.—This very ingrate, who was reſcued from the ignominious tree, ranſomed from deſtruction, is now meditating miſchief againſt the very noble youth who ſaved him.

The reſpite made his eſcape from the New Gaol, with ſeveral others doomed to hard labour on the river, a few evenings before the day deſtined for their removal to Woolwich. Fanny's original lover, with another convict, equal in the moſt daring deeds, withdrew from London, to avoid the ſearch of officers, and, by the invitation of the fair one, retired to a ſmall town in the vicinity of his lordſhip's manſion. There they met her private ſupport, and waited to execute a plan which ſhe had concerted.

Our fair one found means to diſguiſe theſe miſcreants in the proper apparel of her own ſex, and introduced them one evening into the hall, to drink tea with her. My lord happened to be a little way from home, and none but the coachman being in the ſecret, the other ſervants took little notice of the ſtrange viſitants, when our heroine was ſhewing them the ſeveral rooms in the houſe.

At night the ſuppoſed females, pretending to withdraw, walked with Miſs round the garden; but inſtead of going out at the gate leading to the road, they concealed themſelves till it was quite dark, and then were let in by Fanny, at the door fronting the ſhrubbery.

His

His lordſhip returned about nine o'clock, and having ſupped abroad, ſoon retired to his chamber, without the company of Fanny, who feigned illneſs. He ſoon went to bed, and was about to betake himſelf to reſt, when a loud knocking at the outer gate, inſtantly alarmed him. His lordſhip getting up, and raiſing the faſh, heard the cry of murder and thieves reverberated about the yard. He dreſſed himſelf, but before he could open the chamber door, he ſaw, by the light of the moon, two female figures, unfolding the doors of a cloſet in the chamber.

By this time the ſervants were alarmed, and all the family, excepting Miſs Fanny and Matthews, ſtood on the ſtairs. Amongſt them, my lord obſerved the maſter of an inn of the adjacent town, with a flambeaux in his hand, exclaiming, "are you ſafe my lord?"—They then all ran into the chamber, and there found the two ſuppoſed females, whom they ſecured. On ſearching them, they found two braces of piſtols, ſome powder and balls, a bunch of pick-lock keys, two ſmall hangers, and a letter, which, on inſpection, proved to be the hand writing of the faithleſs Fanny.

The inn keeper now informed his lordſhip of the diſcovery. His wife, he ſaid, had entertained a violent ſuſpicion that her new lodgers were ſharpers, from the time they firſt came to the houſe; but the recommendation of Miſs Fanny, removed every obſtacle.—However, that morning ſhe had found a letter, which, though enigmatical enough, was yet to be

 underſtood

underſtood to mean a dangerous plot againſt his lordſhip.

Here the inn-keeper ſhewed the letter, which perfectly agreed in the hand writing, with that which they had found on the thieves, whom the landlord now well knew to be his lodgers —It intimated that there was much money, and many notes in the houſe, and hinted that Matthews, the coachman, was prepared to aſſiſt them, both in the execution of the plan, and in carrying them off to London in a poſt chaiſe.

Fanny was now accoſted in her chamber, and at firſt ſeemed greatly alarmed. The coachman was alſo ſecured, for he had not power to effect his eſcape in time; he voluntarily confeſſed the whole affair, and owned that the thieves were fully intent on murdering his lordſhip, or all the family, if oppoſed in their wicked attempt.

To be brief, his lordſhip, from a principle of humanity to the miſcreants, but cruelty to the public, freely forgave Fanny the next morning, made her a preſent of her favourite mare, and ſome money, and bade her make the beſt of her way home, or as far from his preſence as ſhe pleaſed. The king at this time, much wanting men, my lord cauſed the two thieves to be impreſſed by the conſtables, and recommended Matthews alſo as a fit fellow to ſerve his Majeſty. They were conducted to priſon, and ſoon after to London, and lodged in the Savoy; whilſt Fanny, equipping herſelf in her manly garb, purſued her way to the metropolis

tropolis alſo, with greater ſwiftneſs than her lover, and favourite friends.

From this moment his lordſhip resolutely turned his mind to a virtuous courſe, and ſoon married an amiable lady, of a good family, fully determined to follow no more the high road to unhappineſs, but to walk in that which is pointed out by true wiſdom, "Whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and all whoſe paths are paths of peace."

Here love his golden ſhafts employs; here lights
His conſtant lamp; and waves his purple wings;
Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
Of harlots, loveleſs, joyleſs, un-endeared.

MILTON.

It does not appear that our heroine attempted any robbery on the road, on her return to town, although ſhe was ripe enough, for one of her age, to perform wonders in the way which ſhe afterwards followed. Her cloaths, and other articles of luggage, were ſent by the waggon, ſo that ſhe had made a tolerable harveſt of her country jaunt.

It is very far from our deſign to exaggerate, much leſs to multiply her crimes. There is no need to add to the number, for during her preſent confinement in priſon, ſhe has boldly boaſted of having performed more tricks in the ſwindling line, than would ſwell this narrative to a large volume. It is from her own free and voluntary account of them, that we

have proceeded thus far; but what follows, has met the concurring teſtimony of others.

It was ſoon after her return to the Borough of Southwark, that ſhe received a note from her lover, in the Savoy priſon. Thither ſhe immediately went, and found the other miſcreant, and the coachman, in the ſame ſituation, every day expecting to be removed to Chatham barracks, and from thence to be ſent —they knew not where.

Here our heroine formed a ſcheme to effect the eſcape of her favourite fellow, by dreſſing him in men's cloaths; but the project, though well planned, was diſcovered by the turn-key, who took care to thwart the deſign, and to prevent a future attempt, loaded the lover with chains, and would not ſuffer Fanny again to enter within the gates of that gothic edifice.

CHAP. IV.

Fanny visits her lover at Chatham.—She brings him off from on board the Canada.—He is retaken.—The various exploits of the fair-one, during the dreadful riot, in 1780.—In Westminster—the Bishop—the chapels.—In London, Newgate—The Borough—Black-friar's Bridge.—Fanny's adventure with a London linen-draper, in Essex.—Reflections, &c.

EXTRAVAGANCE and dissipation now predominated in the character of our amazon. She was soon reduced to a low situation in life, which cast her upon the town. Whenever she picked up people of a genteel appearance, she failed not to find out the contents of their fobs. She still maintained a decent deportment, and a semblance of modesty seemed congenial to her being. In point of dress, a little difference would have made her quite a quaker. Her beauty was yet daily increasing with her cunning, but the simplicity of her manners could not fail to draw after her a number of admirers.

She visited her lover, and friends in captivity, at Chatham, and there smote the heart of the governor of that garrison. But that Hibernian military genius had already an amiable spouse, and also kept a fair mistress, so that he durst hardly discover his passion to our heroine, excepting

cepting when he found her in the old guard, amongſt the impreſſed men.

It was her grand deſign to have inſinuated herſelf into the captain's good graces, in order to find an opportunity of releaſing her lover; but all her ſchemes and arts proved ineffectual, the firſt kept fair-one ever found means to fruſtrate all her hopes, and to keep our heroine from too cloſe a connection with her paramour.

The captives being removed from the Barracks, and put on board the Canada, bound for Nova Scotia, Fanny attended them, and found an opportunity, whilſt they lay on Chatham river, to convey her lover, dreſſed in women's cloaths, to the ſhore, in a boat which ſhe procured for that purpoſe, and ſo travelled with him acroſs the country, and reached the Borough, which was the centre of all their wiſhes, and out of whoſe boundary they were ever unhappy.

But all the travel and toil of our fair one, proved uſeleſs, for the young fellow quickly became a prey to the officers of juſtice, who found him and Fanny at a houſe of ill fame in Tooley-ſtreet, and lodging them both in the Compter that night, ſwore the next day, before a magiſtrate, to the identity of the young man, in the proſpect of a reward; ſo he was committed to the New Gaol, in order to be tried for being found at large before the expiration of his time.

The next ſummer the great riot in London commenced. Lord George Gordon aſſembled a vaſt multitude of all ſorts of people in St. George's

George's Fields, and with them proceeded to Weſtminſter, with a petition to parliament for reſcinding the act in favour of Roman Catholics. During the violent commotion in Palace Yard, Fanny, and certain of her fellows at large, employed their time to no ſmall advantage. Lord Mansfield that day was inſulted; ſeveral other noblemen loſt their watches, ſnuff-boxes, and money. The Lord Chancellor's brother, the Biſhop of Lincoln, being threatened by the banditti, leaped from his chariot on the oppoſite ſide to Fanny, who followed his lordſhip into the houſe in which he found an aſſylum. A committee of thirty was choſen in the mob, to purſue the fugitive prelate, and Fanny, who pretended to be his friend. His lordſhip ſlipped off his canonical attire, and put on a ſuit of crimſon and gold, with a bag whig, which he borrowed from the hoſpitable owner of the retreat; and whilſt he ran up to the top, and reached the leads over the Houſe of Lords, in order to deſcend in a baſket, like St. Paul from the wall of Demaſcus, Fanny packed up the prelatical garb, and caſt the bundle from the window, to Patrick Madan, one of her coajutors.

Fanny proceeded the ſame evening to the chapel of the Sardinian ambaſſador, in Lincoln's-inn-fields, and there, amidſt the motly mob, whilſt the chapel was in flames, employed her hand with great avidity.

Nor did our heroine flinch from a teſtimony *ſo glorious* againſt popery, until the priſoners who were taken at the above chapel, and that

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of the Bavarian minister, and who were to have been tried in the Court of King's Bench, in Westminster, were liberated from Newgate, with all the rest of the prisoners, for she stood steadfastly upon the spot, till Mr. Akerman's house was demolished, his rich furniture committed to the flames, and all the internal parts of the strong gaol, hitherto deemed invulnerable, laid in ashes.

The next day, June 7, 1780, Fanny found ample employ in her own Borough. Dressed in her masculine habit, our heroine mingled in the innumerable company, and missed no opportunity of fishing successively in the troubled water. That day, whilst the desperate miscreants on the Middlesex side, were opening the prisons, freeing the captives, burning the houses of Langdale, and drinking his liquors, the zealots of Southwark were not unemployed. New Bridewell, their old habitation, met the revenge of the rioters. The King's Bench prison was demolished, and all its inmates quickly emancipated. The Marshalsea, another seminary of Southwark, for training up swindlers, was saved from the fire, but all the students were set at liberty. The New Gaol likewise was opened, and Fanny's first favourite came forth with an uncounted croud, rattling their chains in triumph, cheered by the mob, for whose use the hogsheads of entire butt were rolled into the street.

It has been affirmed that Fanny, the same evening, dressed in mens clothes, and wearing a blue cockade in her hat, mounted upon the

top

top of a butt, made a motion for the demolition of the toll-gate at Black-friars bridge. Certain it is, however, that the mob proceeded to that place, and had almost gone farther than the original design, when they were warmly charged by a military party, and many of the ringleaders in the riot fell in the midst of their career.

The soldiers next day having obtained a complete victory over the desperate banditti, many of the principal actors were taken, and lodged in those prisons which remained undemolished. Fanny, with many others, withdrew into the country, and remained, performing little exploits, till the law was in a degree satisfied, and many of the rioters had expired on a gibbet.

Fanny now visited Essex in her hunting dress, and became well acquainted with that county, before her return to town. Occasionally she dressed herself like a quaker, and won the heart of a young linen draper of Cheapside, who was down in those parts on business.

She vouchsafed to give this rising genius her company, although he was a married man, but took an opportunity one night, to slip out of bed, equip herself in his clothes, and so, taking his horse from the stable, rode post-haste to the metropolis. The same morning, before the linen draper could reach town, Fanny, changing her apparel, repaired to the shop of the tradesman, (for she had taken care to learn where he lived) and there delivered a message, as from the shop-keeper to his wife, and shew-

 ing

ing his gold watch, obtained fifty pounds in cash.

But our amazon did not rest in the completion of such projects, in conjunction with a gang of swindlers, who assisted her in several forgeries, but even went upon the road, and had courage enough to stop waggons, stage coaches, and passengers. In fine, she soon grew the terror of the whole country around the metropolis, and managed her various manœuvres with so much address, art, and cunning, that she began to imagine herself quite invulnerable to the law, and secure against justice.

Such wretches triumph in their wickedness, and glory in their shame. Early initiated to the mysteries of iniquity, and long trained up in the paths of vice, they become insensible and incorrigible. The frequent awful examples of punishment which they behold, only makes them the more calous and case-hardened. Used long to view vice through a false medium, they imagine that it is even amiable. Thus deceived, through the deceitfulness of sin, they go on, and seldom ever know when to recede; joining hand in hand with one another, in the pursuit of those pernicious courses, which naturally lead to destruction. The numerous escapes which they effect from meeting condign punishment, emboldens them to persevere, and "because sentence is not passed speedily, their hearts are set upon evil."

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Comparisons.—The wife of Ninus, *and Fanny.—Queen Mary.—Mrs. Brownrig.—Peter the Great.—Fanny at Vauxhall, in a man's dress, meets the warm affection of an old citizen's young wife.—Fanny's artifice.—The lady's disappointment.—Fanny robs a gentleman on the road—is taken—committed—cleared.—She is picked up by a farmer.*

SEMIRAMIS, the great foundress of Babylon, had she been brought up in the Borough, and received the tuition of Fanny Davies, perhaps would have pursued the same path to glory and fame. Queen Mary, of bloody memory, might have proved no better than Brownrig, if bred in the same low line of life.—Nay, even Alexander the Great himself, as has often been said, would have been but an highwayman, or a house-breaker, if he had been brought up under profligate parents in the metropolis of England.

The love of fame appears principally to have prevailed in the breast of our heroine, for there the love of money had but little residence. But fame, of which she was so fond, was almost confined to but a few, from whom only she could claim applause, and these were prisoners. Such she ever gloried to support, succour, and inspire with her own spirit.

To effect these purposes, was the main pursuit of her mind, and the chief employ of every day. She even could condescend to roll a barrow along the streets, and substitute the cries of cherries, apples, or hot gingerbread, for the less pleasing strains of *No Popery!*

And did not even Peter the Great, the glory of the Russian empire, also condescend to the lowest employ, for the good of his subjects? Yes, Peter parted with his royal diadem, and deigned, at Deptford, to handle the mechanic's tool, and appearing as a mean common labourer, acquired an art which raised Russia to its present grandeur.

But why did Fanny thus humble herself?—Reader, remember she was not actuated by an honest, industrious spirit. Frugality and felony, are as far removed as the poles of Heaven. It was to pry, with a keen observation, into the areas, to gaize on the shutters and doors, which she deemed vulnerable to her veteran tribe, to mark well the places that she could plunder, without the danger of detection and punishment.—In short, as Satan is said to be never so successful as when he transforms himself into an Angel of light, so our fair one, always appearing modest and unassuming, was the more able to insinuate herself into such situations as would best answer her purpose.

Fanny appeared to no small advantage, even in her masculine mien, for she seemed to be a very smart youth, deemed too young to be bearded.—A lady of London, observing her in this attire, in the garden at Vauxhall, soon shewed

ſhewed ſigns of attachment; but there was an old debilitated huſband in the way, and that was an obſtacle which ſhe reſolved to remove.—Signs of mutual affection were given on both ſides.—Matters were quickly matured.—They made an aſſignation to meet the next day, at a tavern.—They accordingly met, but the good man was *at home*, and the good woman was obliged to make an apology by a truſty chamber maid.

Our ſuppoſed youth, learning the cauſe of the diſappointment, ſent word to the lady that ſhe might reſt aſſured that the objection would be removed the next Wedneſday, when ſhe hoped to be favoured with her company, about noon.

Fanny repaired to Guildhall, and took out a ſummons in the Court of Requeſts, for a debt charged on the huſband. This was done eaſily enough, and without an oath, requiring only the name of the perſon ſummoned. Fanny was obliged, however, to ſerve it herſelf, and thus explaining the matter to the lady, obtained her promiſe to meet at the time appointed.

The old gentleman was ſurpriſed at ſuch an unexpected writ, being conſcious that he owed no money to the perſon whoſe name was inſerted. But he was obliged to crawl up to the court on the ſpecified day, and there remain for two or three hours.—The lady was overjoyed on the occaſion, as ſhe was perfectly ſafe during her propoſed paſtime with her beloved youth, who had kindled ſuch a violent fire in

her

her breaſt, that all the water in the Thames hardly could have quenched.

To the tavern, therefore, ſhe quickly went, with an handſome preſent in her purſe, for her paramour, and an old family gold watch by her ſide.—She met the ſwain, flew with eager rapture to his arms, drank a chearful glaſs of wine, and raiſed higher and higher ſtill, her ſanguine expectation of unſpeakable delight.

But O! the ficklenefs of fortune to the fair, as well as the fond wife of the ſage apothecary! Alas! poor old debilitated David, is waiting in vain in the hall, and his wanton wild (we cannot ſay virtuous) wife, is alſo to meet a ſad diſappointment!

The room door is faſtened.—A ſtately bed preſents itſelf.—Courtſhip is unneceſſary on the occaſion.—The agreement is already made—The lady ſits down on the couch—her brilliant eyes emit wild-fire.—All the cupids play on her countenance.—Hah! a piſtol!—Yes, madam, your money, or—mercy upon me, ſir! is this the return for my unfeigned affection?—Heſitate not a moment, madam, I am *no man for you*.—Do you ſuppoſe that I would make your huſband a monſter?—I will not—*I cannot do it!*

The lady was obliged to ſurrender her purſe to Fanny, with her watch, and what elſe ſhe choſe to demand.—The deceived wanton fell into a ſwoon, and our fair deceiver of woman, as well as man, embraced the opportunity of retiring from the tavern.

Soon

Soon after this, Fanny, mounted on a good gelding, rode to Barnet races, loſt her money, robbed a gentleman on her return to town, was purſued, taken, carried before a magiſtrate, ſurrounded by a vaſt crowd of ſpectators, ſent to New Priſon, Clerkenwell; obliged to ſend for her friends. Her ſex was diſcovered. She remained till the ſeſſions, was removed to Newgate, but diſcharged the laſt day of the ſeſſion, by proclamation, as the gentleman, though he preferred an indictment at Hicks's Hall, did not like to proſecute *a poor weak woman*, leſt he ſhould meet the contempt of the crowd, and the laugh of the lawyers.

Our fair one now was in a very diſtreſſed, deplorable condition, and more ready to beg the aid of her friends in captivity, than able to lend them that aid which ſhe wiſhed. She condeſcended to walk the Borough High-ſtreet with the abandoned girls; her beauty and modeſt demeanour proving favourable to her calling, as a lady of pleaſure.

She did not long remain pennyleſs; for one evening, as ſhe ſtood at the gate of the White-Hart inn, an aged ruſtic rover tapped her on the ſhoulder, whiſpering in the country dialect, "My dear, will you drink a glaſs with me at the boy's cock?" Fanny, eying the athletic old farmer, turned round, gave him a ſmile, and, after drinking a glaſs of gin at the place propoſed, walked with him towards a houſe much better ſuited to their purpoſe, and where they could take their fill of love till the morning.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The ſtory of the hop-planter.—Fanny diſcovers his bank notes, and ſteals them whilſt he is aſleep.—A riot enſues.—The houſe ſhut up, &c.

THE fond farmer was a hop-planter, of Suſſex, and had juſt received ſeven fifty pound Bank notes of Mr. Dyſon, of St. Margaret's Hill, for hops. He had a good wife at home, but ſhe being as old as himſelf, about three ſcore, he generally, as often as he came to town, indulged a leiſure hour or two with any young fair one that pleaſed his eye.

But before he began his evening ramble, he took the prudent precaution to conceal the notes in the lining of his coat, placing them as near as poſſible to his *heart*, and ſewing up the part that he had ripped open. The little looſe money in his breeches pocket, he condemned to be ſpent and ſported away in the manner which he thought would moſt conduce to his paſtime.

Fanny was led by our adventurer, to Tooley-ſtreet, when ſhe directed him to a notified houſe in Walnut-tree Alley, nearly oppoſite the meeting-houſe of Mr. Rippon. As our unequal pair entered the houſe, the congregation were ſinging pſalms; but notes of a nature quite oppoſite were reverberated within, by the vermin of the ſtews.

What

What *Daniel Defoe* ſays, may very aptly be applied in this place:

Where ever God erects a houſe of pray'r,
The devil's ſure to have a temple there;
And 'twill be found, upon examination,
The latter has the largeſt congregation.

The heart of the ruſtic almoſt revolted at the diſmal ſcene in the great room, through which he paſſed with his fair one, who eagerly urged him on to a back apartment. There they drank and ſported, till the farmer had ſpent all his caſh but a few ſhillings. This he but little minded, as he was confident of the ſafety of his notes. Fanny, however, often obſerved him touching his left breaſt, as if to feel for ſomething that much engroſſed his attention.—She had already uſed every art, felt in every pocket, and diſcovered no more than what ſhe had obtained; but now began to think that ſhe had miſſed the main mark.

This induced her to procraſtinate the farmer's ſtay in the unhallowed houſe; and to entertain him, ſhe opened the chamber door, and propoſed that they ſhould have a dance in the great room, amidſt the groupe of thieves, pick-pockets, bawds, and common proſtitutes.

Still the ruſtic ſhewed a wonderful ſympathy for his left ſide, and Fanny was more and more convinced that there ſomething of value was ſecreted.

She beckoned to an ugly fellow, who was a penny barber, whom ſhe had kept company

 with

with in Bridewell, where he ſerved half his apprenticeſhip. He was a fellow perfectly inimical to all order, and the ſtaunch friend of riot. He poſſeſſed a horrible dark deſigning viſage. The *Death* and *Sin* of Milton, could not be more monſterous. He trailed a wooden leg, for he had mortified the original, to keep him from the army, after he had found that the loſs of his thumb, which he had cut off before, would not prevent him from going abroad.— One of his eyes was totally darkened, by a blow which he received in the ſtreet, from a perſon whoſe pocket he had juſt picked, and who alſo marked his cheek with a terrible gaſh. The projection of his gnomon, which had been long on the wane by wenching, was diminiſhed to a quarter of an inch. In brief, his whole aſpect was inhuman and frightful.

Fanny whiſpered ſomething in the ear of this miſcreant, which the farmer could not hear, and immediately the dancing began. The ruſtic enjoyed the ſcene, called for another bowl, drank freely, fearleſs of his property, and ſo indulged a ſoft repoſe on an elbow chair.

Surely this was a dangerous ſituation for a ſtranger, ſurrounded with murderers, and every ſpecie of villains, which the infamous parts of Southwark could ſupply! In ſuch a perilous place, how can a man hope? how can he pray for the protection of a kind Providence, previous to his ſlumber?

Fanny ſoon diſcovered the place where the farmer's ſtrength lay, and having obtained the 350l. quickly withdrew, leaving her lover to

lament

lament his loſs, and bewail his folly, as ſoon as he ſhould awake and miſs his notes.

" ——— So roſe the Danite ſtrong,
" Herculean Samſon, from the harlot lap
" Of Philiſtean Delilah; and wak'd
" Shorn of his ſtrength.——"

MILTON.

The moment the farmer was arouſed, he felt his ſide, and found that he had been robbed of his notes. Again he felt, but to no purpoſe. He caſt off his coat, ſearched all the lining, but all was loſt. He ran into the great room in a moſt violent rage, and for ſome time acted the part of a man compleatly mad. The thieves and proſtitutes rejoiced, and ſhouted aloud. The landlord demanded his reckoning with an imperious tone. The landlady ſhut the doors to keep out the mob, many of whom had already broke in.—All this was vociferation, tumult, and wild uproar; ſo that when Mr. Dyſon came to the aid of his friend, the farmer, (for ſomebody had appriſed him of the affair) he imagined at the firſt that chaos was come again, and all order baniſhed for ever.

——— Behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep: with him enthron'd,
Sat ſable veſted night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus, and Hades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon, Rumor next, and Chance,
And Tumult, and Confuſion, all embroil'd,
And Diſcord, with a thouſand various mouths.

MILTON.

Another hop-merchant of the Borough, led by rumour to the place, with an air of authority, demanded peace; and attempting to break open the door, had a chamber utenſil, with its full contents, thrown upon his head from the window above. However, his *pericranium* proved impregnible to the projectile; and if even that piece of a mill-ſtone, which the old Hebrew gentlewoman caſt from an elevated tower, on the head of king Abimelech, had fallen on the head of the hop-factor, it would have made but little impreſſion. The fellow, by his vociferation, and unmeaning jargon, irritated the mob, who would have proceeded to violence, had not a magiſtrate, with a number of conſtables, come to the aid of the landlord, and the beſieged banditti.

Fanny was not to be found. Several girls and thieves were taken into cuſtody, examined, and diſcharged. The ruſtic advertiſed his loſs in the papers, and the numbers of the notes were ſpecified by Mr. Dyſon. But all could not bring them back to the owner, who, the next day, was obliged to return to his farm, to ſatisfy his wife by all the ſoothing ſtrains that he was maſter of, and all the fair promiſes that he could pleaſe her with.

This favour of fortune, raiſed Fanny almoſt above mediocrity. Had ſhe employed this ſo conſiderable a ſum, to advantage, her ſituation might have proved independent. But there is a worm at the root of every plant which is not reared in the garden of virtue. A curſe was entailed on every ſcheme which ſhe endea-

voured

voured to carry into execution, in consequence of this acquisition. Her riches, on the wings of prodigality, soon took their flight. The money, thus gotten by injustice, daily diminished, and within a little month, left not a wreck behind. This was in the autumn of the year 1783. The licence was immediately taken from the house, in which the robbery was perpetrated, and the bullies, swindlers, pimps, and prostitutes, who there carried on their riot, and concerted their deep designs, were obliged to abandon that infernal dwelling, since devoted to destruction. But in that neighbourhood, as well as in many other streets, lanes, and alleys, in Southwark, it is always easy for such people to find a welcome reception. Would to Heaven that the magistrates of this place would arouse from their long lethargy, and vigorously exert those powers with which they are invested, in the removal of many more of those infamous haunts.

Fanny frequently applied to a register office for a place, and referring to a swindler for a good character, proved pretty successful, as she never staid long in service, and seldom returned home without a considerable booty. She either caused the house where she lived to b plundered by her partners in guilt, or so managed the matter herself, as to strip the premises of plate, and other valuables, and afterwards elude the law, by every effort of art and cunning, which the most depraved mind, aided by the advice of sharpers, could suggest.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

Justice R—l dies.—Fanny is one of the chosen Virgins.—The rich Bachelor's Adventure with the Sorceress and Fanny.—He is stripped naked at Norwood, whilst his house at Camberwell is plundered.—Fanny robs a young gentleman in Essex, lies with him in Southwark, and steals his breeches.—She appears in the character of a horse-dealer in Essex, and robs a grazier of a large sum, in money and notes.—She is taken, committed, tried, sentenced to die—respited for transportation.

IN October 1784, Justice R—l, of libidinous and miserable memory, was obliged to leave his gods of gold, and give up his ungodly ghost. He had ordered in his will, that his body should be attended to the church by a number of pure virgins, dressed in unsullied white satin, to strew the way with flowers in the procession. Fanny was fixed upon as one of the *immaculate* maids of Southwark, and received the bounty, for she had once been the dear delight of that memorable miser. *

* Justice R——l, in his original will, bequeathed an hundred pounds to Dr. Samuel Johnson, who was to write his epitaph; but he revoked that bequest, and left that sum to the Rev. Mr. Gross, requiring him to perform the task.—His worship might have saved the money for his favourite Fanny, for lo! the following apt epitaph is presented, *gratis*:

R——l his soul to Mammon sold,
And died in want, 'midst bags of gold.

Fanny,

Fanny, in her argent robes, appeared by far the faireſt, and moſt modeſt of all the other virgins. As ſhe dealt her odours around, ſhe captivated the hearts of hundreds, on whom ſhe deigned to look with her bewitching eyes. Such virgins as our heroine, and her fair companions, no doubt might have bent their flowery ſteps up to the temple, without dreading the dogs of Vulcan!

Immediately after this farcical funeral, Fanny was followed home by a rich old bachelor, who, having amaſſed a large fortune by fraud, had retired to Camberwell, to reſt his enfeebled limbs after his fatigues in the wars of Venus, and the ſervice of vice. Fanny had left the Mint, and now lodged in a decent lodging in the road to Vauxhall. The chariot of her enamoured admirer, drove up to the door. He called aloud to the fair one, as ſhe looked from the window, and prevailed on her to come down, and favour him with her company in the carriage to Camberwell.

The fair one reſumed her uſual ſhyneſs, and put on her aſſumed modeſty. The debauchee found her invincible to every attack. His latent fire was re-kindled. He offered money, and made many fair promiſes, but his price proved much too low to accompliſh his purpoſe, and ſo the treaty was broke off for that evening.

The blighted bachelor applied to an old procureſs, an eminent bawd of the Borough, in order to call in her help on the occaſion. He dreſſed the hag in the attire of a gypſie, and

desired her to meet him the next morning, near Norwood, where she was to tell the fortune of Fanny, whom he appointed to meet him at that celebrated place of pretended prophecy.

The bawd proved unfaithful to her trust; for she failed not to apprise the fair one of the manœuvre intended by her seducer. Fanny concerted measures accordingly; met her lover at the place appointed, got into the chariot, and attended him to the wood.

As they passed on, they met the pretended sorceress. The carriage was instantly stopped, the witch began her conjuration, and gradually drew the enflamed bachelor, with Fanny, into the wood, till they were a considerable way from the road.

Now was the golden opportunity of the doating lover, in the solitary shade. He laid the fair one on a mossy bank, whilst all the joys which he had anticipated, appeared within his immediate reach. The sorceress seemed all the while to sooth the fair one, and by spells and uncooth incantations, urged her to yield.

But just as happiness appeared—just as the bachelor's blood began to boil—in the critical juncture of affairs—in the very paroxism of passion, an athletic arm is projected from the thicket; a pistol is presented to his high heaving breast, by a frightful fellow of the Herculean breed, who, with a voice furious as that of Moloch, demanded his money, or his life!

This unexpected intrusion, quickly marred the play, and closed the scene before the act was finished. A terrible trembling seized the enamoured

enamoured ſwain—a ſudden ſhaking among his dry bones commenced.

He was about to feel in his pocket, to ſatisfy the dread demand, when the ſon of rapine bade him hold his hand, and immediately ſtrip to the ſkin. He was obliged to comply, as he had no help within view. The Sorcereſs and Miſs had withdrawn, and his coachman, unconſcious of his maſter's misfortune, was gathering nuts at a great diſtance from the chariot.

In ſhort, the bachelor was obliged to part with all the clothes which he wore, excepting his ſtockings and ſhirt; the robber, who had ſeveral accomplices near, packed up the clothes, and after having examined the breeches, and found a very conſiderable ſum, threatened the lover with inſtant death, if he made the leaſt noiſe, or attempted to purſue him. He lay ſtill in deep confuſion, ſpeechleſs, and almoſt quite inſenſible, till at laſt his coachman diſcovered him in that naked poſture. At length he put on his ſervant's great coat, reached the chariot, and was carried home to his houſe, which, the more to his mortification, he found ſtripped of all the plate, linen, and every portable article, through the artifice of Fanny and the bawd, who had employed other people of the gang for that purpoſe, and found means to intice the ſervant maid to a public houſe, on the oppoſite ſide of Camberwell Green, and there kept her in play till they had carried the plan into execution. The bachelor was too much confounded with ſhame, to publiſh his diſtreſs, but Fanny, during her confinement, has often

 made

made her fellow prisoners pleased with the adventure.

In the bachelor's suit, which was scarlet and gold, our amazon performed several deep and daring exploits in Essex, and at one time robbed a young gentleman of sixty pounds in money, with a gold repeating watch, worth forty or fifty more, which she sold to a Jew in Whitechapel, for ten guineas. He insisted upon having the watch at any rate, and talked highly of the Rotation Office, in case of a refusal. She complied, as he had been a friend before, in taking off some bills and notes, which she could not otherwise dispose of.

The following part of this story is most remarkable.—Fanny, in her fine white satin dress, used to stand in the Borough High-street, with one Nancy, the Quaker, a young woman whom she had enticed to her ruin. A few evenings after the above robbery, she saw the identical gentleman passing King's Head Court, and followed him through to Tooley-street. Nancy acted as her maid on the occasion.—Fanny caught hold of the gentleman's arm, asked him to treat her with a glass, and at length persuaded him to accompany her to a noted tavern in the vicinity. The gentleman was perfectly pleased with her modest demeanor, and agreed to sleep with her that night. An elegant supper was prepared. Nancy waited on the couple, and saw them safe into the chamber of love. But after sweat meat, sometimes comes sour sauce. The gentleman in the morning missed his dear delight the moment he awaked, and

his

his breeches into the bargain, which contained about thirty guineas, besides silver. She escaped from the chamber by jumping from the window, in which she was assisted by the fair quaker.

But we hasten to the catastrophe of the piece.---Our amozonian adventurous fair one, with several of her male auxiliaries, penetrated many parts of the country, and especially committed burglaries and highway robberies in Essex. One evening, Fanny being accidentally left alone, dressed in a rustic garb, called at the sign of the Three Rabbits, in the road near Stratford and Ilford.

She introduced herself in the character of a horse-dealer, and told the people of the inn that she was going to London, and being rather benighted and unwell, requested that they would accommodate her with a lodging.

This being granted, she dropped into the company of a Mr. Wrigglesworth, a country grazier, whom she, it is said, had in the course of that day, watched with great diligence.

The grazier was familiar, chearful, communicative, and perfectly free in conversation, with our supposed *horse-dealer*. They smoked their pipes over a tankard after supper. The chief topic was trade, taxes, and the ruin of poor old England. However, Fanny knew well how to turn the drift of the conversation. She learned from the grazier's talk, as well as from several circumstances which had before fallen under her observation, that he had been taking a large sum of money. Indeed, so very intimate

mate were the two new companions grow n that the farmer, even ſpecified the ſum which he had in his bag. Her ardent breaſt now glowed, and anticipation aſſured her of ſucceſs.

The ſtrangers parted and retired to different rooms; but not far diſtant from each other. The grazier was much fatigued,---ſaid a ſhort prayer,---perhaps none at all---fell aſleep, and ſnored in concert with the people of the inn.

Dreadleſs of the leaſt danger, the farmer depoſited his breeches under his pillow. But, as the malign enemy of man, like a hungry hound, prowls about for his prey, without deviating from his deſign till he has gained his object, ſo Fanny reſted not, till ſhe had carried her reſolves into effect.

She anxiouſly and warily watched, till all was ſafe. The doors of both chambers were but on the latch; ſhe gained, therefore, an eaſy acceſs to that of the grazier. She entered the room, approached his couch with a piſtol in her hand. She gained the pillow, and dexterouſly drew the breeches from under his head.

The daring invader, having ſecured the contents in a canvaſs bag, haſted away from the houſe, and reached the metropolis before morning.

On inſpection, the bag was found to contain the articles following: one hundred and fifty guineas, a bill of exchange for four hundred pounds, bank notes to the amount of ſeven hundred pounds; total one thouſand two hundred and fifty two pounds ten ſhillings.

The

The bank notes to Fanny were as good as cash as she was so intimate with swindlers, that even the bill of exchange might have been turned into money, had she consulted her friends in that iniquitous line.

Exulting in the greatness of her booty, Fanny was even facinated and off her guard, on viewing the smiles of fortune. She dressed, bought every thing that she wanted, drank freely with her companions in prison; and, visiting a female friend in Newgate, made her a present of a guinea, gave her a pair of silver buckles, boasted of her late adventure, and even declared the several circumstances attending the robbery.

The woman, whom she thus intrusted with a secret so momentous, cautioned her against speaking so freely: but as soon as Fanny was gone, informed two of the runners of what she had heard. They were all ears on the occasion. The grazier had by this time advertized his loss, and offered a large reward. They knew the haunts of our heroine, and caught her in bed, at a house in New Court, near St. George's church, with all the property about her, but three hundred and fifty pounds, of which she refused to give any account, and persisted in that resolution to the last.

She was immediately carried over the water, taken before a magistrate, and, after several hearings, committed for trial at the next assizes for the county of Essex.

As Fanny was committed soon after the last summer assize, she was obliged to remain many

months

months in prison previous to her trial. She now threw off the mask of modesty which she had hitherto worn with some dignity, and gave her life in captivity up to intemperance. The cash which she had artfully concealed from the officers, served to keep her during the tedious winter; but she squandered much of it away in riot, both in Newgate, and in Chelmsford Gaol; at the latter of which places, she was pleased to procure three rabbits, which she kept as a memorial of the house where she perpetrated the fact.

Her trial came on before Mr. Justice Ashurst, on March 6th, 1786, when Mr. Wriggleworth the grazier appeared, swore to the above notes, and the identity of the prisoner's person; as having been in her company at the above inn, on the evening of that night on which he had been robbed.

The people of the inn possitively swore to her person also, although she was so disguised at the time in question; and the officers attending to prove, that the notes, and bill of exchange were in her custody when captured, the matter appeared exceeding plain to the jury, who found her *guilty* of the charge laid in the indictment.

The mother of the prisoner appeared in court much inebriated, and all that the rest of her friends urged in her favour, could have but little effect, after such irrefregable evidence, as was produced.

The judge proceeded to pass *sentence of death* upon the prisoner. His lordship observed, that as

as ſhe had planned and executed the robbery with ſo much exactneſs and dexterity, it probably had not been her firſt offence. He ſaid he was well aſſured that it was not, for ſhe had been ſome time the terror of the country. His lordſhip earneſtly exhorted her to make the beſt uſe of that little time which would be allotted her. A pardon was not to be expected, in a caſe of ſo heinous a nature; nor ſhould ſhe expect that her ſex would protect her from the hand of juſtice on the occaſion. His lordſhip concluded, by paſſing the ſentence of the law in the uſual form, as follows:

" You, Francis Davis, are to be taken back to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution, there to be hanged by the neck until you are *dead:* And may God Almighty, of his infinite goodneſs, have mercy upon your ſoul."

From the manner in which his lordſhip prefaced the ſolemn ſentence, few people were inclined to believe that ſhe would be reſcued from the jaws of death; but though an old offender, ſhe is but young in years, and may reform a bad life abroad, when removed from temptation.

Mercy is the darling attribute of the *great Supreme,* and all the human race perpetually have need of forgiveneſs. A judge never imitates *Him* ſo much, as when employed in exerciſing the ſame *glorious attribute of Mercy.*

The quality of MERCY is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from Heav'n,
Upon the place beneath. It twice is bleſs'd;

It

It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His ſceptre ſhews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of Kings;
But mercy is above the ſcepter's ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of GOD himſelf;
And earthly pow'r doth then ſhew likeſt GOD's
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice. ———

SHAKESPEAR.

FINIS.